

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A. H. PARKER  
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ST. OF GOOD MORALS.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY SUNDAY, NOV. 12, 1905

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE



Charles L. Moore  
Editor



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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

WHY THE BLADE IS PRINTED ONLY ON ONE PAGE.

COULD BE MADE BEST PAPER IN AMERICA IF SUBSCRIBERS PAY WHAT IS DUE AND DO THEIR DUTY.

Necessity has again compelled us to issue the Blade on this week on one sheet of paper. This is a deep regret to us, but these conditions are largely due, if not wholly so, to the fact that our subscribers have failed to pay what is due upon their subscriptions. At this time there are outstanding and due to the Blade about \$2,000 in subscriptions alone. One-half of that sum would enable us to produce far better results than we have been doing. Our subscribers will readily understand that it costs a great deal of money to print and mail a paper like the Blade. At a time when printing material and supplies are exceedingly high in cost, there is greater reason why the subscriptions should be paid promptly when due.

It affords no pleasure to us to make complaint of these unpaid subscriptions, especially in the columns of the paper, but we are compelled to do this in order to ask our subscribers to pay up or we shall be forced to the necessity of borrowing money with which to pay our bills to satisfaction of the subscriptions now owing to us. The Blade is engaged in a laudable mission enterprise. Its purpose is to disseminate the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the people of this world. It is a mission of the highest order, and it is one that requires the cooperation of all who are interested in the welfare of the world. We are compelled to ask our subscribers to pay up or we shall be forced to the necessity of borrowing money with which to pay our bills to satisfaction of the subscriptions now owing to us.

The condition of Mr. Moore remains about the same. He is unable to do but very little writing for the Blade, but that will be taken care of during his illness by Mrs. Henry and Dr. Wilson.

DOCTOR CONVICTED OF HERESY.

Dismissed from Ministry by Nebraska City Presbytery.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 24.—Dr. Carl Hulthorst, a physician and Presbyterian minister, was today suspended from the ministry by the Nebraska City Presbytery for alleged heresy, after a secret trial lasting all day. The charges against Dr. Hulthorst are as follows:

The first charge was that the doctor had repudiated the Westminster Confession. In answer he said he refused to accept any confession excepting that of Christ himself. "I am the way," said he, "it is unreasonable, declared the doctor, to think that people 200 years ago in time of superstition and meager scientific knowledge should have a better knowledge of Christ and his doctrines than the people of today. For this reason he confessed that he repudiated the confession and everything else of the age outside of the New Testament.

The second charge was that he denied the trinity-personality of God. Answering he said that any school boy would vouch for it, that to say three is one and one three would be equivalent to upsetting the universe. Jesus never said a word about three persons in the Godhead. The doctor said he understood it that God is the Father, man with Christ at the head in the Bible and the love that binds the two is the Holy Spirit—Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

The third charge was that Dr. Hulthorst denied the fall of Adam and the consequent wreck of the race. To this he insisted that the story of the fall is a myth. The First Genesis he

credits with high ethical value aside from the myth, since it teaches monism and theism, (not tritheism) and the fundamental truth of the Christian religion, namely, that it is made in the image of God. "I did not believe," he said, "that my 'I' was the result in the wreck of the race. Such is silly," he said.

The fourth charge was that the doctor denies the vicarious sacrifice of Christ. To this he pleaded not guilty. He denies he said, only the Westminster Confession, which says, "Christ died for the world, but through love and not through blood. The doctor illustrates his theory in contrast to that of Westminster which, modernized, he said, would be such as this:

"Suppose 2,000 students of the State university, accepting one, should multiply against the authority of the faculty and should later wish readmission to the school. Accordingly the faculty would send Chancellor Andrews to the students and he would tell them that the faculty would like to forget out could not. However, a wonderful method of salvation had been discovered. The one student who remained faithful should be nailed to the fence in the alley and as soon as his blood should trickle onto the ground forgiveness would be extended. Such a theory of atonement is prevented by the Westminster confession and I don't believe in it. I believe the death of Jesus was the natural climax of a life of love and that by submitting to it all patiently he made an atonement for all by fusing them altogether by his dying love."

The doctor said it was poor policy to rise the generation to say, "You may be as good as you like, but unless you swallow the fish and the snake and the whole you will be damned anyway."

NO SERMON FOR JERRY SIMPSON

Victor Murdock Delivered an Address at the Funeral in Wichita.

Wichita, Kas., Oct. 25.—With Maximo Jones, the body of the late Jerry Simpson was laid to rest today in Maple Grove cemetery. Services were held in Scottish rite temple, the full Masonic ritual being performed. There was no minister, and the address was delivered by Victor Murdock, who paid an eloquent tribute to his predecessor in Congress. Several hundred persons attended the service, among them being many politicians of state prominence.

MISS GIBSON DETAINED.

Miss Gibson, the trained nurse, who is an officer in the National Liberal party, and who was coming to wait upon me, has been detained in Tennessee for six weeks longer. She writes me a sweet letter in which she says, "Do not let yourself get blue and tell Mr. Hughes to read those letters and to burn all except those that are real classics."

I want him and Dr. Wilson to exercise their combined judgment about it. But I do wish that all who write to me would use their strong and well hearts, to cheer my poor old rickety heart with gentle and kind words.

Still I reckon it may be farthest and best if my enemies, as well as my friends could say what they please about me while I am living. On this, November 4th, I feel that I am getting, probably, some better.

A LETTER THAT I WANT REMEMBERED.

Springfield, Mo., Nov. 8, 1905.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir and Respected Friend:

I am truly sorry to hear of your serious illness, but hope that you may recover and remain with us for many long years.

The world is not prepared yet to dispense with your valuable services in advocating the rights of humanity and humanity that test men in the most trying manner and continue to advocate all that is for the best interest for the welfare of your fellow man.

Hoping that this may find you improved in health and wishing to be remembered to your worthy wife, I am,

Respectfully yours,

E. C. COFFIN.

## FINEST TYPE OF HUMAN RACE

WILL SOON BE EVOLVED FROM THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

SAYS LUTHER BURBANK, THE HORTICULTURIST AND FREETHINKER.

Tells of Environment and Feeding for Children, and Declares Against Teaching Domestic Religion—Heredit is Not the All Important.

San Francisco, Calif.—According to Luther Burbank, the wizard of science, and the man who is responsible for the seedless apple, the latest agricultural novelty, the overman, or "Übermensch," forecast by the philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, will eventually be realized by the natural processes of social life in the United States.

Nietzsche's theory was that if man is an evolution of the ape, an over-ape as it were, the overman, the more than man, is sure to follow in the logic of the evolutionary philosophers. According to Burbank, Nietzsche is right in his theory that the "overman" will eventually be evolved, and the scene of the realization will be in the United States. The crossing of races, in short, is the fact on which Burbank bases his doctrine. Social evolution here in this country, he says, will gradually weed out the unfit ones and only the fit will survive.

Dinner to Burbank.

At dinner given last night by the

state of Burbank, the wizard of science, and the man who is responsible for the seedless apple, the latest agricultural novelty, the overman, or "Übermensch," forecast by the philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, will eventually be realized by the natural processes of social life in the United States.

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physical vigor. Three years ago we met again in the city of Cincinnati, and you were still the impersonation of perfect bodily health. Two years ago we met at Lexington, and you still continued to be the personification of physical integrity. One year ago we met again in the city of St. Louis, and you were still in a state of perfect equilibrium. With your name I have associated strength, health and vigor, and I cannot persuade myself to believe that my dear friend could have suddenly developed a serious organic disease of the heart, and I sincerely hope that your slight may prove to be purely functional, and that you may soon be restored to active life, and continue to lead us in our warfare against superstition. For twenty years you have been in the vanguard of a great movement to lift from the weary shoulders of humanity the terrible incubus of a heartless priesthood, and now that the sky is clearing, and the future is full of hope, I cannot bear the thought that you will not be here to enjoy the fruits of your gallant fight for humanity. I have persuaded myself to believe that you are not fatally sick, and I sincerely trust that you will cherish the same belief, because this state of mind raises the tide of life, and often carries a suffering man safely through an impending crisis. I cordially expect the very great pleasure of meeting you again at our next annual convention, and in the meantime, I trust that you will devote all your time to recuperation, and avoid all the worry and worry incident to editing the Blade. Thousands of hearts are beating in sympathy for you, on account of your affliction, and if kind wishes would restore your health, the rising of tomorrow's sun would be as happy in the full possession of all your faculties. I shall think of you often, and constantly cherish the hope of your complete recovery.—DR. T. J. BOWLES.

From the Blue Grass Blade of October 22nd I learn of the very serious illness of Mr. Charles C. Moore, of Lexington, Ky. Dr. J. B. Wilson, his close friend, had visited him, and in a long report of the case, remarks: "I found Mr. Moore in a serious condition, and suffering from heart trouble. He had not lain down or slept for ten days, and was in a feeble condition, but after a hypodermic was resting easy. Our old leader, I fear, is nearing the end of the journey of life—a journey fraught with many varied and remarkable changes. He may live on for a good while yet, but the nature of his trouble is such that a sudden call may be expected at any time." This news will be a message of great sorrow to Mr. Moore's many friends, but I hope that by quiet avoidance of extreme physical exertion and mental excitement he may not only safely pass this crisis, but live many years in the enjoyment of a serene life. Dr. Tilden, of a Stated Club fame, is the physician Mr. Moore should have even if he do not better than get his advice by letter.—Humanitarian Review.

I have scarcely any appetite and eat scarcely anything, as Dr. Tilden would suggest, but I take a good deal of medicine, and almost live on hypodermics.

RIOT IN SYNAGOGUE SEES BEATING OF RABBI AND INJURY OF CHILDREN

(From Denver (Colo.) Post).

Two children seriously injured, an assistant of the rabbi badly beaten and part of the synagogue demolished, in the result of a riot among the congregation of the Zera Abraham synagogue on West Colfax avenue, last night at 9 o'clock during the Jewish feast, closing the festival of the Yom Kippur.

In the midst of the services, and while the entire settlement was silent in prayer, Jacob Schmuck and Louis Schwank started a fight in the center of the temple, resulting in a general melee in which the congregation at large took part. The rioters, who were armed with stones, bricks and other missiles, began to throw them, precipitating the foremost ranks of the crowd to the ground below.

Beneath the railing were several children playing and the heavy bars, followed by the fighting men, fell di-

rectly upon them, painfully bruising six or seven and breaking the legs of two. Little Rachel Klager, 12 years old, suffered a fracture of the left leg, and Samuel Grimes, 11 years old, had his right leg broken below the knee. Beyond bruises, no others were hurt.

Pervaded with the enthusiasm of the close of Yom Kippur and the cessation of

## LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

West Liberty, Ky.—Enclosed find \$2 for which keep the Blade counting. Hoping this issue you most improved in health, I am yours truly—S. H. COLLIARD.

Barnwell, S. C.—Enclosed find \$2.00 for renewal of subscription and for Dr. Wilson's book. I am deeply grieved to know how mild and gentle and amiable and good Brother Moore is growing. I wish some preacher would do him a low down trick and so throw him into his remarkable healthy state of mind—ALFRED ALDRICH.

New York—Enclosed you will find two dollars, one for the continuation of the Blade and one for Dr. Wilson's book when it is ready. I also send some stamps to pay for postage on said book. Please let me know of great success with all your undertakings, I am yours as always—PETER H. NICHOLS.

Barton, Ohio—Find enclosed \$1 to pay for paper till March, 1906, and I don't renew subscription please stop the Blade. But I will try to renew. I am sorry to see by the Blade that you are sick. Hope you will recover soon. I remain your brother in the cause—C. U. PECKHAM.

Sweetwater, Texas—Please find enclosed one dollar to pay for the Blue Grass Blade for another year. I regret so much to learn that our invincible leader Editor Moore, is suffering from that treacherous disease known as heart trouble. But I am glad to learn that his prospects are good for a speedy recovery of his former health.—N. C. BAWCOM.

Blum, Texas—I was shocked today when I picked up the Blade and saw Dr. Wilson's statement of your serious illness which was the first intimation that you were not enjoying the best of health. I am taking the liberty of writing you to express a wish that you have fully recovered and that you will live many years to write for the Blade because I would consider it a calamity to the country and cause if you should become from any cause incapacitated. There is not another man in the world that I have never seen in person of whom I have as high regard as for yourself. I still cherish a hope that some day I will have the pleasure of meeting you and shaking your hand. Have read the Blade so long that you seem to be an old friend. There has never appeared a line in the paper written by yourself with which I did not agree. Have expressed myself plainly to you as I am one of those who believe in saying kind words to the living—J. A. TAYLOR.

Ogden, S. C.—I was sorry indeed to read of your sickness in the Blade. I have a warmer place in my bosom for you than any one whom I have never met personally. I am glad to know that in the very shadow of death you have no fear of future punishment. When, by accident, I first read the Blade six years ago, I was attracted by what I believed to be your sincerity. I began to reason with the Blade writers and was converted. I was turned out of the Methodist church here last year, when I have belonged since boyhood for circulating over two hundred Blades containing my letter of unbelief. I am writing you this letter to let you know in your dying hours that you have helped me to be a better man. The Blade has been a good companion for me. I hope that you will live to read this letter and to edit the Blade for many years to come. So good-bye—ALPHA LEE NEEL.

Spring Creek, Pa.—Just as you do not believe in Socialism, free love or anarchy, and in these I have never passed me in unbelief, so I do not believe as you do in your religious motives. But I believe in you as a man. You are my brother with many positive virtues. Believe me, now that you are sick, I would use all in my power to alleviate your suffering. Peace be to you, even the peace which passeth all understanding. Lovingly—S. E. WINGER, Pastor M. E. Church.

Cato, Ind.—Did you not, about ten years ago, publish an article from your own pen, advocating free love. Please answer in the Blade. Allow me to express my sincere regrets at the reports of your ill health and subscribe myself, your friend—W. A. HARMON.

To the best of my knowledge and belief I never published any such article from my pen. If anybody knows of such an one I wish he would send it to me, and I will return it after reading it.

Bullfinch, Ind.—I enclose you \$2, \$1 to pay for Blade and one to pay for

Dr. Wilson's book. I was very sorry to hear of your illness, but hope you are much improved ere this. I have been intending to come and see you and learn more about your trip to the Orient as I expect to make a trip there this winter. I am the only man in Sullivan county, Indiana, that denounces the atonement and salvation by faith and have been doing so for 25 years. I have read both the Christian and Musselman's Bibles also Dehland the Bars and Dog Fennel and appreciate the latter very much—APRIL FRANKS.

P. S.—I enclose you clippings from the Kansas City Star in regard to the death of my friend and ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson.

Paris, Ky.—I have read in the Blade with heartfelt sorrow and deepest sympathy of the serious illness of Mr. Moore and I wish to express my sympathy for him and his grieving wife and family. I know he receives more private letters than he is able to read, and was in hopes that last week's Blade would bring the glad tidings of great success with all your undertakings, I am yours as many years, for I consider him "the greatest Spartan of them all." Too much cannot be said in his praise, but there will be plenty of loving friends who are able to write glowing tributes to his memory. With best wishes for yourself and family, I am, your sincere friend—MRS. J. A. HARMON.

Waco, Texas—My dear Mr. Moore—I regret to see by your last paper that you are seriously ill, and I hasten to assure you and your family of my sincere sympathy. I know your age and had believed you to be a man of robust health. I know that you are not afraid of death, but you should have many years yet to your recovery, and I believe the truth and I am hoping that you will soon recover from this spell and be yourself again.—J. D. SHAW.

Athens, O.—Through a friend of mine I have just learned of your recent illness. I am more than sorry; indeed I am and hope and trust a speedy recovery. While I have never met you personally, I feel that I know you and can't refrain from saying we used you more than any man in the United States. Many people know you of whom you have no knowledge whatever. We can't well get along without you, and while am in possession of no minute facts relative to your case, I am led from what I have learned to believe that your disease is a most regrettable one. Like you may say why do I speak thus? Organic heart disease (other than inflammatory) requires years for development and never to my knowledge gave you ever complained of heart trouble. Still you may have tolerated this trouble as many others without remonstrance. Be in good cheer and allow me to say most candidly you will be well in time. In confidence and courage I know you are not lacking and these are the necessary requisites in any sickness. Trusting a speedy recovery, I am fraternally—J. S. BORCH, M. D.

New Baltimore, Pa.—Please find enclosed \$5 post office money order, \$2 for the Blade up to March, 1906 sent to my father, John Felten and me. The rest to be used as missionary purpose and help to the Blue Grass Blade. I extend my sympathy to Mr. Moore, but hope at arrival of this letter will find him better, for we need him yet to swamp a lot of gospel poisoners and where can we find a man who has stood the abuse and persecution for the right as C. C. Moore has?

Think of that narrow-minded Canadian who is not worthy of kissing Mr. Moore's toe, so full of religious hate as to abuse Mr. Moore in such an ignorant way. We must be living "way back" in the woods where the old kind of religion is good enough for him, but it only shows his littleness as certainly some of his neighbors who sent him the Blade got to read Mr. Moore's answer. Such small brains as a smart child wouldn't even send. Please stop sending the Blade to my father as he is blind. I can read my Blade to him. I would like to have Mr. Moore's opinion as to whether an infidel can join any order such as Odd Fellows, Elks and Knights of Phylaxis, etc.; would it be a benefit? My best wishes to Mr. Hughes and family and Mr. Moore and family; also hoping to hear in next Blade of Mr. Moore's recovery, yours fraternally—CHAS. H. FELTEN.

I am not, myself, a member of any kind of an order, though there are good people in many of them. I would not belong to any order that required me to subscribe to anything that I do not believe.

Hartford City, Ind.—Was sorry to learn by the Blade of your severe illness and hope you are better at this time and will soon be all right again. Stirling times ahead yet, and we need you in the thick of the fight with your

fearless, shining light in hand always ready for every emergency. Enclosed find order for my subscription and a copy of Dr. Wilson's new book. Well, Brother Moore, Hacked may be the greatest man in Europe and Dr. Wilson is beyond a doubt a remarkable man in many ways. In stating however that he is the greatest man in America, it is perhaps well to bear in mind that W. J. Bryan is in the Philippines and that the writer herself is in Indiana. Will visit the Blue Grass country next year and will not fail to see Quakeracre—Wm. NOONAN.

Oswego, Kansas—Your serious illness as announced by Dr. Wilson two weeks ago, shocked and surprised me for I supposed you had an exceptionally vigorous constitution and was free from serious ailments. I intended writing last week but am very busy and I deferred writing hoping that the next paper would report great improvement in your condition. If the cause of humanity should be so unfortunate as to lose its most aggressive advocate in the contest with Holy Ghost devotes, yet it will be fortunate in having as your successor such an able and worthy man as Dr. Wilson and also such grand co-workers as Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Closs. I am glad to see such evidence of personal sacrifice evinced for you by all who know you intimately, both Christians and infidels. It has been my aim to win the good opinion of Christians before they knew my belief, thus deprive them of the argument that belief or unbelief is a test of character in dealing with our fellow men. With warm regards for your family and (prayer) for your recovery, I am your fraternally—WILSON IVES.

San Francisco, Calif.—My dear Mrs. Moore—I have just received a letter advising me of your dear husband's illness. I cannot describe my emotions when I read it; for, aside from the Cause which he has so ably represented and the magnificent Principle for which he stood and suffered, there remains the Man. And not dear to me are "those ruby drops that visit my heart," is that superb personality, that peerless courage, that womanly tenderness that has helped us all to be better men and women.

My dear Mrs. Moore, there is but one way to look at such things. We have no mythical God to go to; we have no faith in fabulous Christ, but we know that death is that repose to which no dreams good or bad come to trouble us; and "after life's strife" we shall sleep well. After Mr. Moore's detractors and persecutors are forgotten, his memory will abide with the world as one that dared every thing bad for the one thing good—TRUTH.

Good-bye, love to your family and believe me as your affectionate friend.—M. GRIER KIDDER.

Barnesville, Ohio—I want to assure you of my sincere sympathy with you in your illness. When the Blade came this morning, bearing the unpleasant news, I just set down and cried, just what we common women always do when we feel our inability to do anything else. But with the reaction, has come a great hope that, in spite of the long faces of the doctors, your sickness will prove only a hurry—serious enough, may be, but yet only a temporary trouble that will have the good effect of showing the Blade readers and your friends in general just who you are to them. Why, I cannot conceive of a United States without Kentucky, nor of a Kentucky without a Chas. C. Moore and his Blue Grass Chieftain. I have sometimes wondered whether it was more your evident sincerity or your unflinching courage that makes your readers swear by you in spite of such difference of opinion as sometimes exist between you and them.

Assuring you again of my tenderest sympathy for your suffering and earnest wish for your ultimate recovery, I am fraternally yours—LOU LAWRENCE.

Hyattsville, Md.—Dear Bro. Moore:—I see, with much regret, in the copy of the Blade I received today, that you have been, and perhaps still are, very ill; and that you are indulging yourself in forebodings that you will not live much longer. I am very sorry indeed to know that you are ill, and suffering pain; but, so far as your future life is concerned, I believe you are good for twenty years yet; and if you will make up your mind to believe so, also, you will find that it will do you good. However, it is appointed unto all men to die once, and it is a fate that none can escape. The longer I live the less terror death has for me. Indeed, a painless death would have no terror for me at all. I believe it is only infidels to whom death is no longer the King of Terrors. Christians, claiming that they go straight to eternal bliss, dread death more than unbelievers, who know not what is in the hereafter—An-

less it be eternal sleep. I do not know anybody who can die (if you must) with a better conscience than you can. You have lived absolutely up to your convictions, and I have never known any other person who has done that. I love and esteem you none the less because your convictions and mine have varied widely on some material points. For instance, I am, heart and soul, bound up in the Single Tax, which you esteem as mere "rot." But you are honest about it; and I love a man who stands up for what he believes, and opposes what he does not believe.

You have a right to believe that the world is better because you have lived in it, because that is a fact. You have accomplished no one can estimate how much good in your efforts to free the human mind from error. Your personal life has been not only blameless, but a model that even the best men ought to be glad to emulate. I would be a proud man to-night if my own life had been only half as gentle and as blameless as yours.

But you must quit indulging the thought that you are going to die soon. You will still be at Quakeracre, hale and sound, and editing the Blade by wireless telegraph in the year 1925. With best wishes for your long life and continued happiness, I remain, yours faithfully—A. C. QUISENBERRY.

Philadelphia, Pa.—This morning's Blade brings the sad news that you may not long be with us on this earth, and I hope you be spared to give the use to the usual debt of repentance so common in Sunday school literature. A member of the Paine Memorial Association in the State of Ohio has dictated his own funeral sermon as a photograph to be delivered at his own request so as to prevent misrepresentation of his neighbors regarding his anti-religious views. I hope you will do likewise.

I had the great pleasure of attending the dedication of the Paine monument at New Rochelle and hearing a benediction by the chaplain of the Sons of the Revolution, who was the rector of a large Episcopal church in New York City. I had also the pleasure of meeting the old veteran in Freehold, Capt. George W. Loyd, who not withstanding his four score years was up bright and early on the morning of the dedication and when I went to his home I found he had departed for the sepulchre of Thomas Paine, where I found him crying away the stones, like the angels at the tomb of Jesus. Capt. Loyd has spent 60 years of his life in New Rochelle, guarding the monument of Paine and his declining years have been spent in securing a suitable successor. He was assigned the honor of turning over the key of the gate to the monument to Hon. H. S. Clarke, mayor of New Rochelle, and the city will assume its care forever.

I hope that if there is a heaven or hell and you meet Thomas Paine or Robert Ingersoll you will give them my kindest regards. I am glad that you have made provision for continuing the Blade—JAS. B. ELLIOTT.

Cocoa, Fla.—I am in receipt of your pleasant letter. I am indeed sorry to believe that it is in the course of nature that a man of your honest expression will be heir to disease and death, would to the law that governs nature that you could be spared to battle on in this age of so much need. Your brain has produced enough honest thought to revolutionize the religion of this priest ridden nation, if the net of superstition could be laid by long enough to let it reach a normal faculty of man's brain. I am proud that I have had the fortunate opportunity to read the many truths you have said. Surely you are an honest thinker. My heart thrills with emotion when I read your books and paper, the pages of which are filled with so much that would make this world better if it was possible to touch the reason without first remaining abdominal crust of fear that has been born in our race of ages gone by. I have the sacred assurance that you have endured much and labored for the good of mankind. Your work will stand. It is bound to link in the chain of civilization there are souls to be born that will thank you and regret that you had a burden to cumber you and make life a march for your honest thoughts notwithstanding all of the superstitious forces you had to contend with, you have fought a good fight and I hope you will be spared to live to see the influence of your perseverance. I have four children, all of whom have read "Dog Fennel in the Orient," and are grateful with its records because they believe that it was written with self-sincerity; they are willing to call all of your statements standard facts. I sincerely hope you are better and will be able to fully enjoy Dr. Wilson's plan, including those that will accompany him—MRS. W. J. MINOR.

Camrose, Alberta, Canada—Read your article in Blade of 1st Inst., entitled "A Canadian Christian who wishes I was in Hell." I mailed a copy of the Blade to a sky-plotter not long ago, but cannot say whether it was the issue of Sept. 3rd, or not, as I did not make a note of it, although I am inclined to think it was, and also that it was from that source you received the copy of the Blade full of so many hieroglyphics, etc. By today's mail I am sending along the Blade of October 1st to your Canadian friend (?) and have underlined considerable of your article with lead



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If this copy is returned to you will you please drop me a line to that effect, on receipt of which I will send you some particulars about this "sky-plot" which will give you material for an interesting "revelation" of the incident. He recently conducted a dinner trap in this place and we awoke one fine morning to find that the bird of prey had left—WALTER J. HELM.